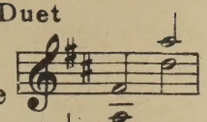
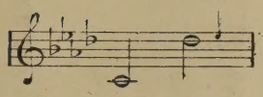
Vocal Duet
Soprano & Alto
or
Tenor & Baritone



№1 IN A♭



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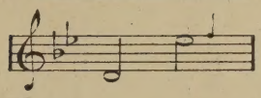

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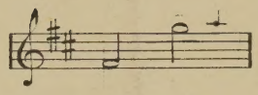

THE SONG OF SONGS

(CHANSON DU CŒUR BRISÉ)

MELODIE

ENGLISH WORDS BY
CLARENCE LUCAS
FRENCH WORDS BY
MAURICE VAUCAIRE

MUSIC BY

MOYA

PRICE 60 CENTS
2/= NET

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Leonard A Willis
3-18-24

Paroles by
MAURICE VAUCAIRE
English words by
CLARENCE LUCAS

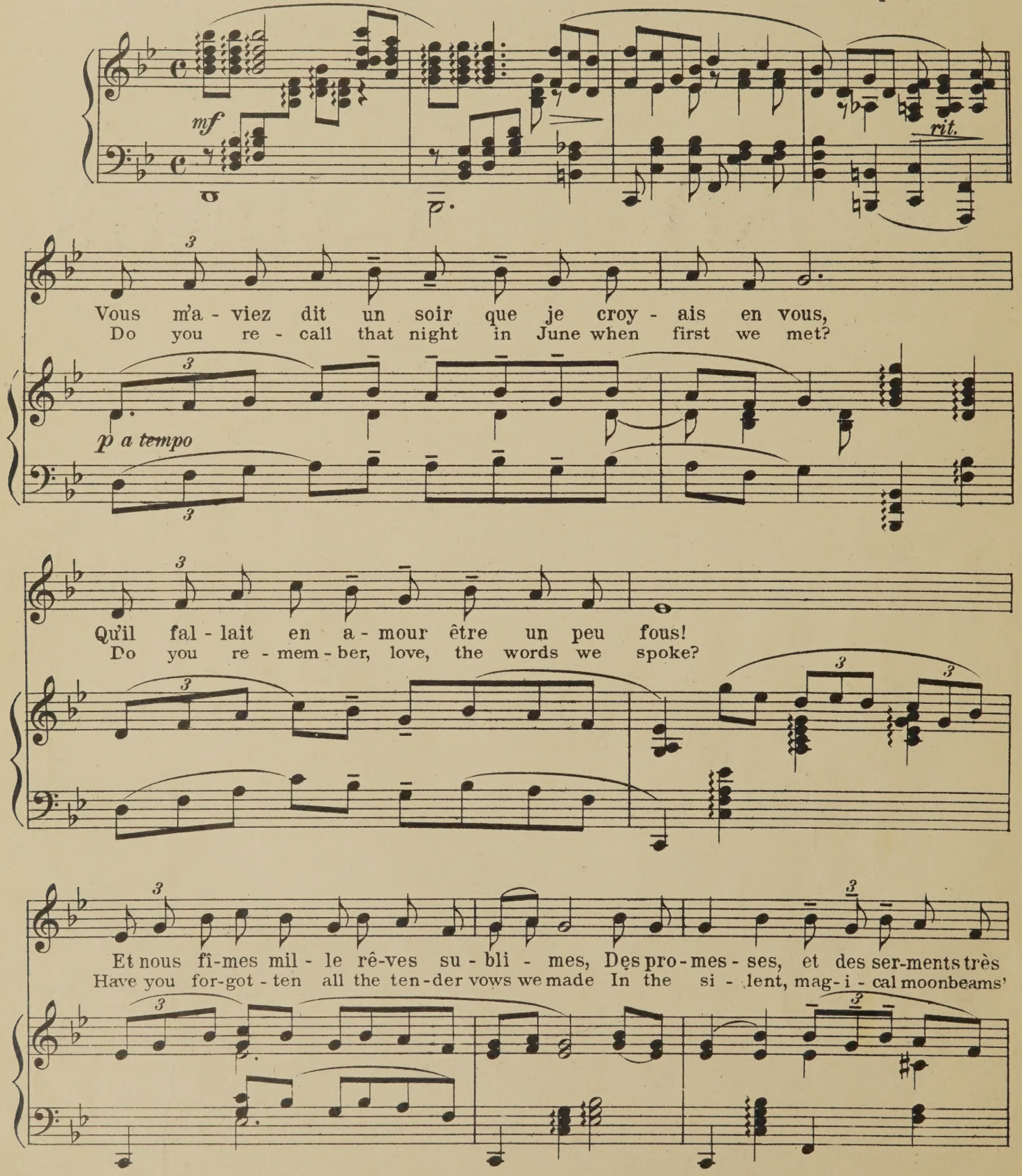
Chanson du coeur brisé

The Song of Songs

MELODIE

Moderato con moto

Musique de MOYA


mf
rit.
Vous m'a - viez dit un soir que je croy - ais en vous,
Do you re - call that night in June when first we met?
p a tempo
Qu'il fal - lait en a - mour être un peu fous!
Do you re - mem - ber, love, the words we spoke?
Et nous fî-mes mil - le rê-ves su - bli - mes, Des pro-mes - ses, et des ser-ments très
Have you for-got - ten all the ten-der vows we made In the si - lent, mag-i - cal moonbeams'

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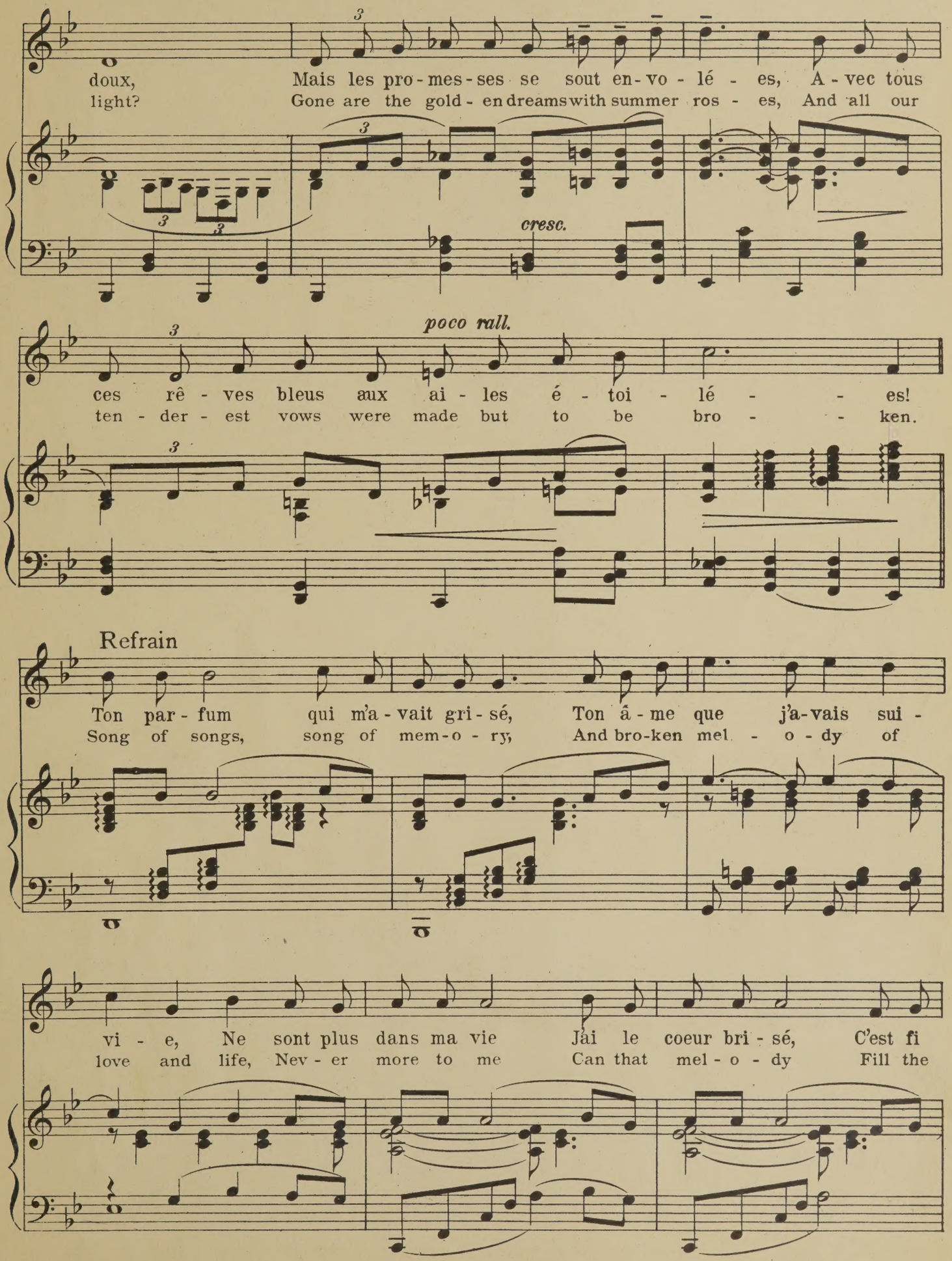
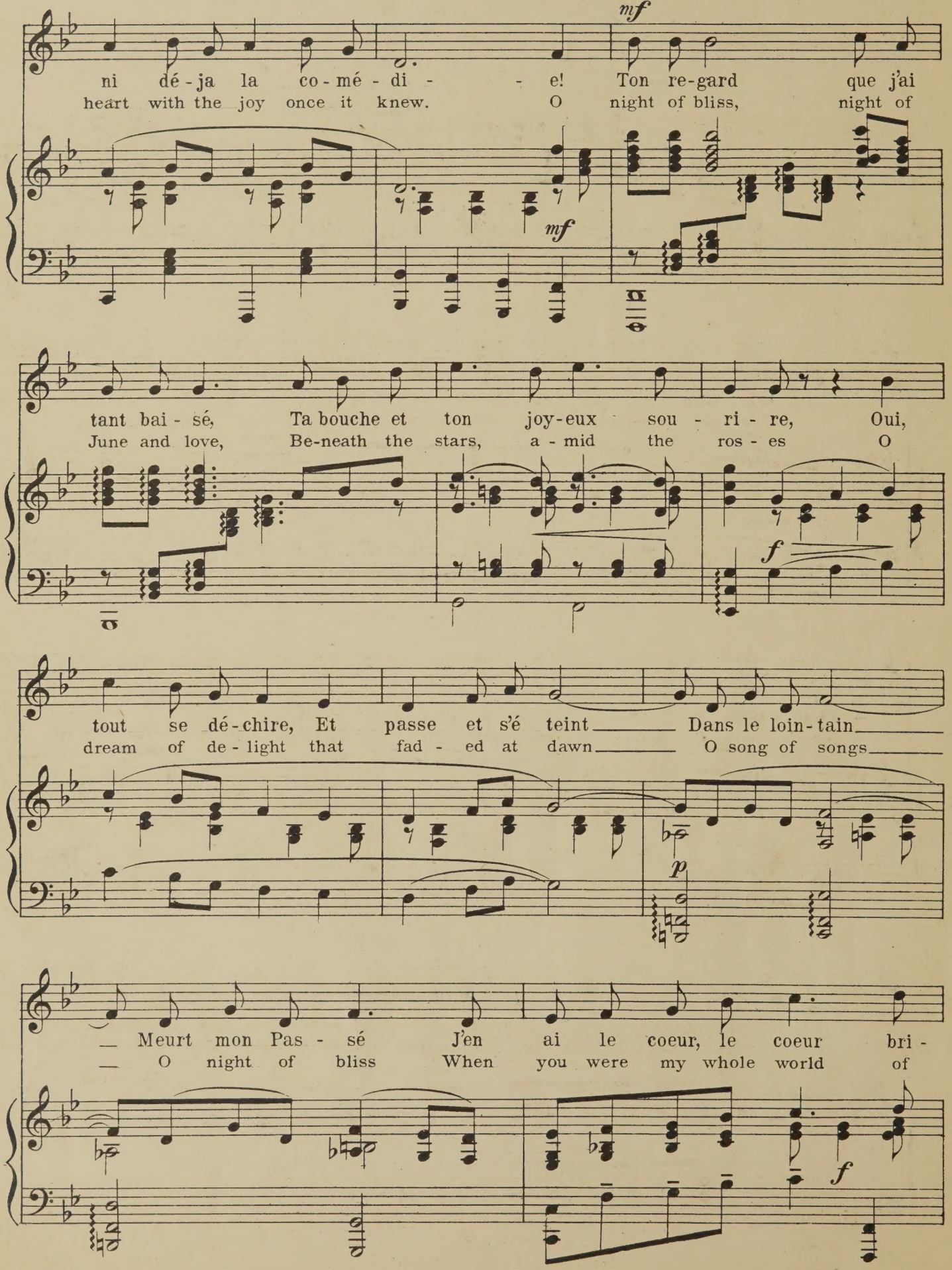
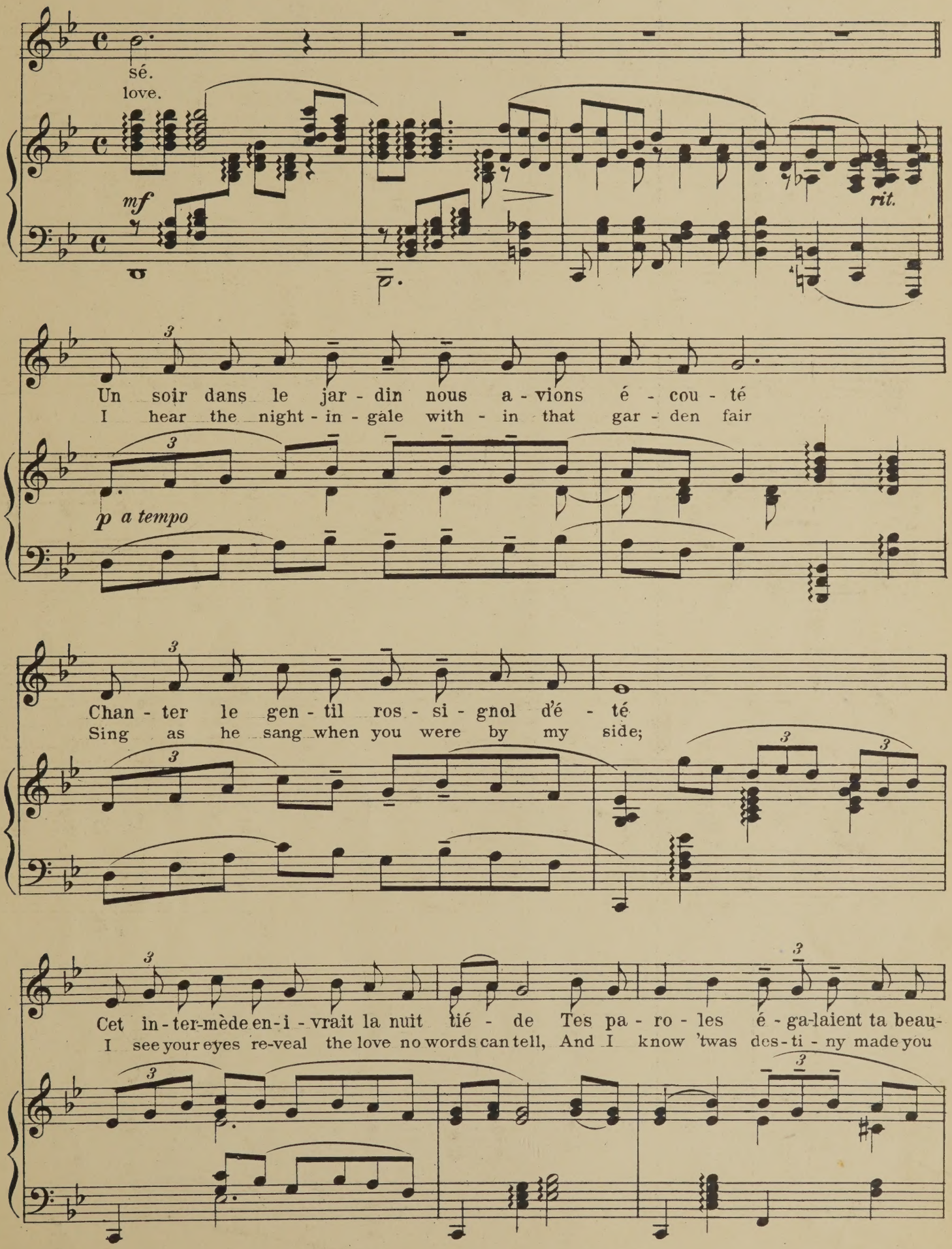
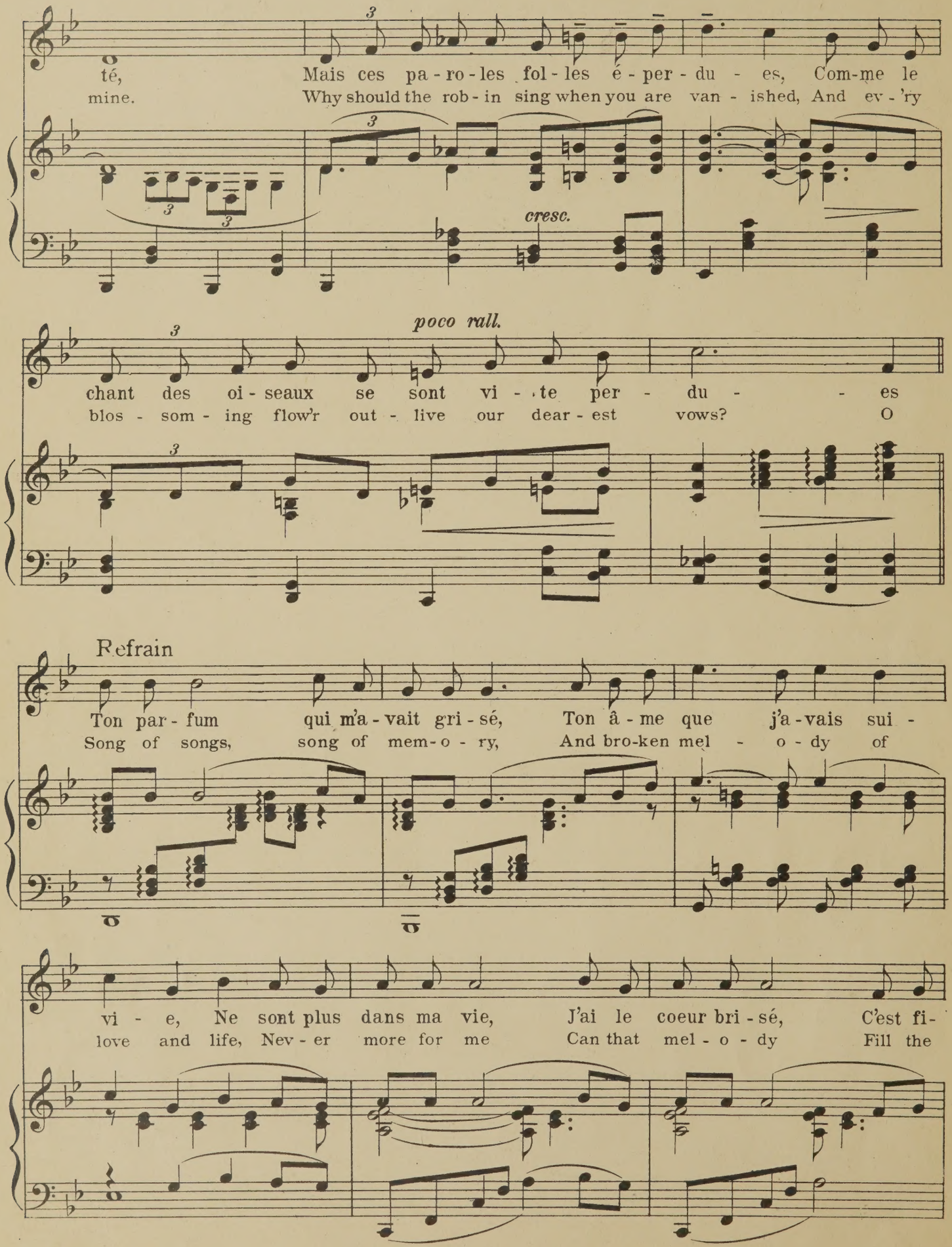
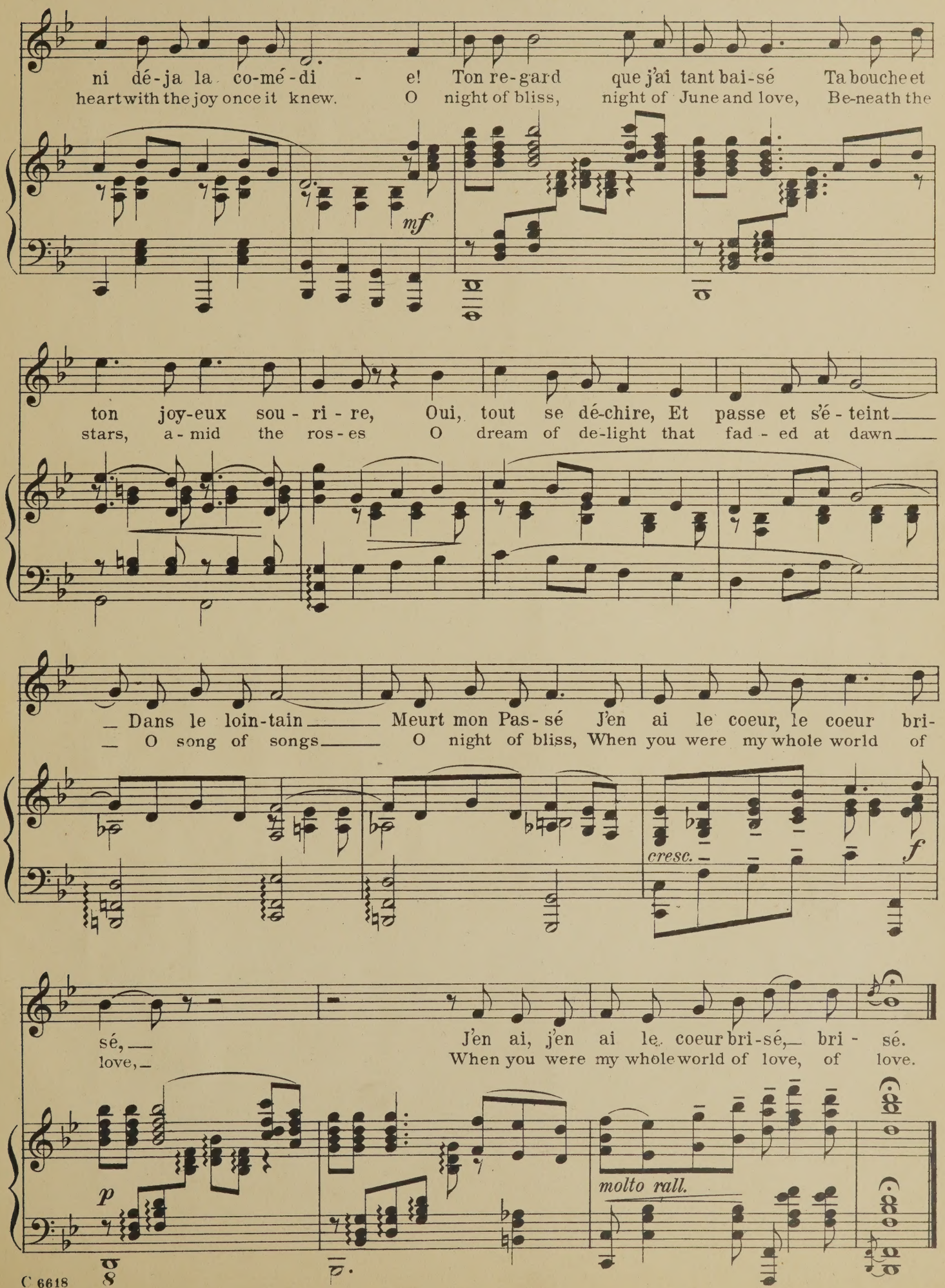
UPB


doux,
Mais les pro-mes-ses se sout en-vo-lé-es, A-vec tous
light?
Gone are the gold-en dreams with summer ros-es, And all our
cresc.
poco rall.
ces rê-ves bleus aux ai-les é-toi-lé-es!
ten-der-est vows were made but to be bro-ken.
Refrain
Ton par-fum qui m'a-vait gri-sé, Ton â-me que j'a-vais sui-
Song of songs, song of mem-o-ry, And bro-ken mel-o-dy of
vi-e, Ne sont plus dans ma vie Jai le coeur bri-sé, C'est fi
love and life, Nev-er more to me Can that mel-o-dy Fill the


mf
ni dé-ja la co-mé-di- -e! Ton re-gard que j'ai
heart with the joy once it knew. O night of bliss, night of
mf
tant bai-sé, Ta bouche et ton joy-eux sou-ri-re, Oui,
June and love, Be-neath the stars, a-mid the ros-es O
f
tout se dé-chire, Et passe et s'é teint Dans le loin-tain
dream of de-light that fad-ed at dawn O song of songs
p
Meurt mon Pas-sé J'en ai le coeur, le coeur bri-
O night of bliss When you were my whole world of
f


sé.
love.
mf
rit.
Un soir dans le jar - din nous a - vions é - cou - té
I hear the night - in - gale with - in that gar - den fair
p a tempo
Chan - ter le gen - til ros - si - gnol d'é - té
Sing as he sang when you were by my side;
Cet in - ter-mède en - i - vrait la nuit tié - de Tes pa - ro - les é - ga-laient ta beau-
I see your eyes re-veal the love no words can tell, And I know 'twas des - ti - ny made you

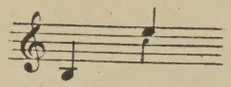

té, Mais ces pa - ro - les fol - les é - per - du - es, Com-me le
mine. Why should the rob - in sing when you are van - ished, And ev - 'ry
cresc.
poco rall.
chant des oi - seaux se sont vi - te per - du - es
blos - som - ing flow'r out - live our dear - est vows? O
Refrain
Ton par - fum qui m'a - vait gri - sé, Ton â - me que j'a - vais sui -
Song of songs, song of mem - o - ry, And bro-ken mel - o - dy of
vi - e, Ne sont plus dans ma vie, J'ai le coeur bri - sé, C'est fi-
love and life, Nev - er more for me Can that mel - o - dy Fill the


ni dé-ja la co-mé-di - e! Ton re-gard que j'ai tant bai-sé Ta bouche et
heart with the joy once it knew. O night of bliss, night of June and love, Be-neath the
mf
ton joy-eux sou - ri - re, Oui, tout se dé-chire, Et passe et s'é - teint
stars, a - mid the ros - es O dream of de-light that fad - ed at dawn
_ Dans le loin-tain Meurt mon Pas-sé J'en ai le coeur, le coeur bri-
_ O song of songs O night of bliss, When you were my whole world of
cresc.
f
sé,
love,
J'en ai, j'en ai le coeur bri-sé, bri - sé.
When you were my whole world of love, of love.
p
molto rall.

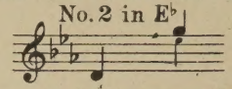
A SONG FOUNDED ON THE FAMOUS NOVEL BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON, ESQ.

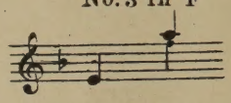
No. 1 in C



No. 2 in E♭



No. 3 in F



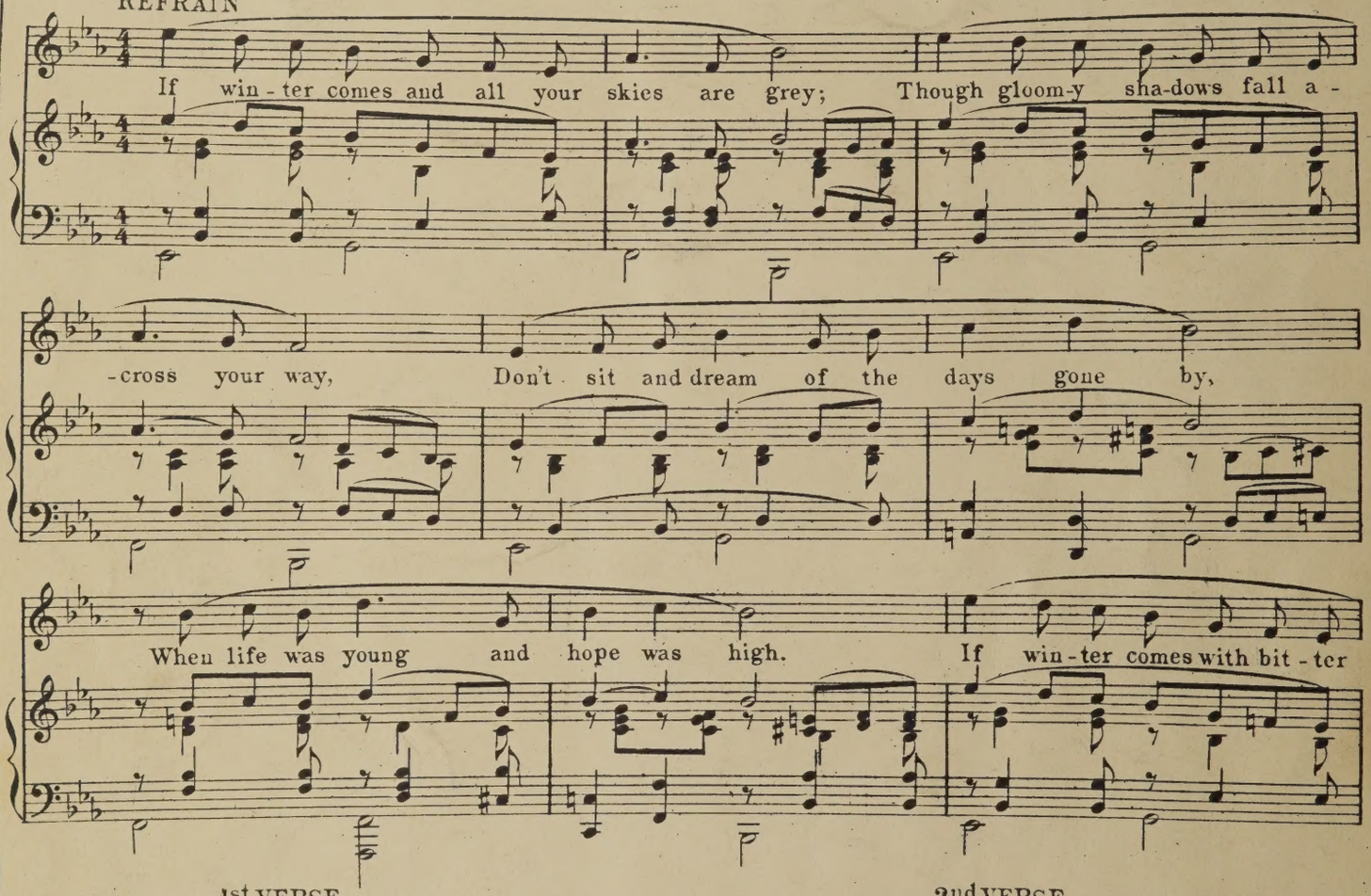
IF WINTER COMES

(Summer will come again)

Words by
REGINALD ARKELL

Music by
H. M. TENNENT

REFRAIN


If win - ter comes and all your skies are grey; Though gloom-y sha-dows fall a -
-cross your way, Don't sit and dream of the days gone by,
When life was young and hope was high. If win - ter comes with bit - ter

1st VERSE

Love is a tale that is told,
Life is a book we may read.
Hearts, as they yearn,
Are the pages we turn,
Whereever the story may lead.
Springtime may colour the page,
Summers their loveliness lend,
And Autumns unfold with their brown and their gold,
But winter must come in the end.

2nd VERSE

Swallows may fly to the south,
Leaving their nest by the well;
Winds may grow chill
On the crest of the hill,
The last rose of summer may fall.
Friends who were dear may forget,
Leaving your heart with its pain;
But love that is true will be waiting for you
When swallows fly northward again.

REFRAIN

If winter comes and all your skies are grey;
Though gloomy shadows fall across your way,
Don't sit and dream of the days gone by,
When life was young and hope was high.
If winter comes with bitter hail and snow,
And there is frost on the pane,
Then just trudge along with a smile and a song,
Summer will come again.

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